

*The History of*

No, yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selves,  
Into the good thoughts of the world again :  
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night,  
To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace cousin, say no more.  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick conceiving discontents  
Ile read you matter deep and dangerous,  
As full of perill and adventures spirit,  
As to o're-walk a currant roaring lowd  
On the unsteadfull footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim,  
Send danger from the East unto the west,  
So honor crosse it from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres  
To rowze a lyon, then to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit,  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heaven, me thinks it were an easie leap,  
To pluck bright honor from the pale fac'd moon,  
Or dive into the bottome of the deep,  
Where fadome-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,  
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear  
Without corrivall, all her dignities :  
But out upon this half-fac't fellow ship.

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here ;  
But not the form of what he should attend ;  
Good cousin give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble *Scots* that are your prisoners.

*Hot.* Ile keep them all.

By God he shall not have a *Scot* of them,  
No, if a *Scot* would save his soul, he shall not,

*Henry*

Ile keep them by this hand

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no eare unto my  
Those prisoners you shall

*Hot.* Nay, I will ; that  
He said he would not rans  
Forbad my tongue to spea  
But I will finde him when  
And in his eare Ile hallow  
Nay, Ile have a Starling sh  
Nothing but *Mortimer*, an  
To keep his anger still in

*Wor.* Heare you, cousin,

*Hot.* All studies here I f  
Save how to gall and pinch  
And that same sword and l  
But that I think his father  
And would be glad he met  
I would have him poyson

*Wor.* Farewell kinsman  
When you are better temp

*Nor.* Why what a wast  
Art thou, to break into thi  
Tying thing eare to no ton

*Hot.* Why look you, I a  
Nettled, and stung with pi  
Of this vile polititian *Bul*  
In *Richards* time, what do  
A plague upon it, it is in C  
'Twas where the mad-cap  
His unkle *Yorke*, where I  
Unto this King of Smiles  
Zblood, when you and he

*Nor.* At *Barkley* castle.  
Why what a candy deal  
This sawning gray-hound  
Look when his infant fort  
And gentle *Harry Piercy*,

Ile